TO

Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart.

ONE OF THE

REPRESENTATIVES in PARLIAMENT

for the County of SALOP,

THE FOLLOWING

Deſcription of Hawkſtone

IS

Moſt reſpectfully dedicated,

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

AND

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

The AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Reception which the First Edition of this Work met with by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Hawkſtone, where only it was ſold, and which the Writer is ſenſible, was more on account of the reſpect they have for the Place, and the worthy Owner, than for the merit of the Deſcription, has occaſioned a Second and Third Edition to appear, in which the reader will find conſiderable alterations and additions, and for which the Author acknow-

ledges himſelf indebted to ſeveral reſpectable gentlemen of learning and taſte.

To enter upon a minute Deſcription of the romantic ſcenes, amazing varieties, and natural as well as artificial beauties of Hawkſtone-Park, *requires far ſuperior abilities than the Writer hereof pretends to be poſſeſſed of: however, he flatters himſelf the following pages will be found entertaining to the generality of readers, particularly to thoſe whoſe curioſity may induce them to viſit the beautiful and aſtoniſhing ſcenes of which they treat.*

MAY 1, 1786.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

HAWKSTONE, &c.

HAWKSTONE is a ſpacious and noble Manſion-Houſe, long the reſidence of the ancient family of the HILLS, and now belonging to Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart. one of the worthy Repreſentatives in Parliament for the County of Salop. The elegance of the ſtructure is exceeded by few; the hoſpitality of the Owner by none.

THE HOUSE

Is ſituated on the North ſide of a hill, not far out of the road between Shrewſbury & Whitchurch.

THE WEST PORTICO

Is allowed to be a capital piece of Architecture. The pillars are large and lofty, of the Compoſite order, and ſtrike the mind with a pleaſing idea of elegance and ſtrength united.

In the inſide of the Houſe, the Saloon, Chapel and Library,* are par-

* The two latter, viz. the Chapel and Library, are in the North Wing, which is ſeparated from the body of the Houſe by a Colonnade.

In

particularly worthy of obſervation; but as the beauties of Nature are preferable to thoſe of Art, and as few

In the ceiling of the former is a very maſterly painting of Truth appealing to Time for bringing her to light, and Falſehood flying away affrighted. The piece was deſigned as emblematical of the Reformation. The Saloon is a very lofty, ſpacious, and well proportioned room; it is fitted up in a coſtly manner, and adorned with ſome choice paintings; among which is the Siege of Namur. The five principal characters in this piece were all taken from life: theſe are King William, the Elector of Bavaria, the Duke of Marlborough, Count Coborn, and the Right Honourable Richard Hill, (uncle to the late Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. and great uncle to the preſent Sir Richard,) who was at that time Paymaſter of the Army, Member of the Privy Council, and Envoy at the Court of Turin.

The Writer could not procure any certain account by whom the Houſe was originally built.

few people have leiſure to ſee more than the Park, which alone would engage the attention of perſons of taſte

built. The late Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. father of Sir Richard, added both the wings, and made other very conſiderable additions to it; but it was certainly the Family Manſion at the time of Sir Rowland Hill, Knight, who was Lord Mayor of London, A. D. 1549, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, of which extraordinary and truly excellent perſon, an Hiſtorian, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives the following character:

"This Maior, Sir Rowland Hill, was a grave "and worthye Father of the Citie, and long be- "fore his death he gave over his occuppying "in trade, and gave himſelf wholly to purcha- "ſing lands, having never a child in the world. "The greateſt part of his lands lay in Shrop- "ſhire, where he bore great rule, and where "alſo, as I have heard by credible report, he "did many good dedes, namely, that he rai- "ſed no rents, nor took any fines of his te- "nants;

taſte for a whole day, or indeed for two or three days, the walks being very

"nants; he ſuffered the child to enjoy the fa-
"ther's farm before all other; he was a friend
"to the widow and fatherleſs; he erected a
"Grammar Schoole to the profyte of the
"country; he repaired many highways and
"bridges: and whereſoever a good dede was
"to be done for the common weal of his
"countrymen, he was ready to further the
"cauſe. He gave yerely to the poore people
"of the country three hundred ſhirtes and
"ſmockes, and as many frockes and coates of
"fryſe, to cover them withal. And in the
"citie of London he gave five hundred pounds
"to St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital, and towards
"the building of certain new tenements in St.
"Nicholas's Shambles, for the relief of the
"poore. He alſo gave great relief to all the
"Hoſpitals. And at his death he gave CL.
"to the poore of all the wards in London."

To the foregoing account the following one from *Kimber's New Baronetage* may not be unacceptable:

"He

very extenſive,† and freſh beauties continually preſenting themſelves to view, I ſhall confine myſelf chiefly to thoſe pleaſingly wild and romantic ſcenes, which in all places would juſtly come under the denomination of *the ſublime*, but are here doubly ſtriking on account of their being in the midſt of a fine, fruitful campaign country, bounded all round by different ranges of diſtant hills, ſo that on a clear day

"He (Sir Rowland Hill) did great acts of "generoſity, was an eminent benefactor to the "public; founded Drayton and other Free "Schools; built Stoke and Hodnet Churches, "Atcham and Terne Bridges, at his own ex-"pence."

† Upwards of ten miles in length.

you

you may ſee no leſs than twelve counties with the naked eye.*

Leaving the Houſe, you proceed by an eaſy aſcent through the ſide of a wilderneſs of lofty trees, chiefly Beeches, till you arrive at the

SUMMER HOUSE,

Which is an handſome building of free-ſtone in the Octagon form. The inſide is elegantly painted in freſco, with a repreſentation of the four Seaſons, &c. &c. From the windows, and the terrace that ſur-

* Theſe are, Shropſhire, Cheſhire, Staffordſhire, Derbyſhire, Lancaſhire, Worceſterſhire, Herefordſhire, Flintſhire, Denbighſhire, Montgomeryſhire, Merionethſhire, and Radnorſhire.

rounds

rounds it, you have a pleaſing near proſpect of a grand piece of water, and ſome verdant meadows; and a diſtant one of Broxton Hills, and Delamere Foreſt, in Cheſhire. A new Farm Houſe built entirely in the Gothic ſtyle, and repreſenting an Abbey or Priory, among ſome ſcattered trees by the water ſide, greatly diverſifies and enlivens the ſcene.

Under the Summer Houſe is a large and ſpacious Cold Bath, fed by a cryſtal ſpring which iſſues from the ſide of a bank at a few yards diſtance.

From the Summer Houſe you are conducted by a pleaſant walk inter-

interſperſed with trees on the ſide of the hill to the

G U L P H,

So called, being a deep valley, which terminates between two hills, and ſeparates the Grotto-rock from the other hill. Coming immediately out of a beautiful lawn, and having no ſuſpicion of the ſudden manner in which nature changes her viſage, this place appears truly romantic, and the valley on your left, perhaps, not inferior to Tempe, a fair field in Theſſaly, ſo much celebrated by the ancient poets:

"The Graces there delighted oft to rove,
"In blithſome concert, innocence, and love."

You

You then proceed along a rising walk on the side of the rock, delightfully variegated on each side with shrubs and trees till you come to the solemn entrance into the

GROTTO,

Which is a vast subterraneous cave, supported by rugged pillars hewn in the solid rock, at a great expence; in the midst of which is a spacious Cove, curiously beset with costly shells, selected from the remotest regions of the sea, and inlaid with petrifactions and fossils, from the deepest recesses of the earth. You view with amazement the different dwellings of the briny inhabitants; some burnished with

gloſs of the deepeſt hue, others rugged with points, and cruſted by nature: ſome nicely turned and ſpeckled with varniſh, and ſome ſhining as gems, or ſparkling like diamonds. Theſe being joined with coral, tinged with ore, ſpangled with minerals, and receiving light through ſome exquiſitely fine painted glaſs,* form one of the moſt beautiful Saloons that imagination can conceive, or fancy deſcribe; the whole being executed with a maſterly boldneſs, perfectly characteriſtic with the ſcenes around you, without any thing of that diminutive or formal decoration and *petiteſſe*,

* Particularly a Philoſopher at his Studies, by Mrs. Pearson.

by which Grottos are usually rendered more like artificial *baby-houses*, than grand natural and romantic caverns.

A noble Lord in the neighbourhood of HAWKSTONE, having made a present to Sir RICHARD HILL of a very fine wax figure, representing an ancestor of that Lord, Sir RICHARD has placed it in a recess in the Grotto, but it is quite concealed from view when you enter in; however, when you have looked about you a short while, this venerable Effigy gradually rises up before you, and turning about his head to look at the company, holds in his hands the

the following inſcription for their peruſal:

Let thoſe ſurround the throne of Kings,
Who court the pomp that grandeur brings:
Tho' ſprung from Needham's noble race,
'Tis here I fix my dwelling place:
Contentment be my happy lot,
My lov'd abode this peaceful Grot.

Paſſing through a colonnade of rude pillars, tinged with copper, with which thoſe rocks abound, you leave this labyrinth of wonders through a door on the Weſt, where you command a moſt noble view of an

AWFUL PRECIPICE.

Here the towering oak is left beneath the rugged rocks bulging with terror!——Next you admire,

with aſtoniſhment, the huge pending crags, ſtill more highly coloured with copper, or hoary with age; and whilſt the wide chaſms between the rocks ſtrike you with dread, you often hear the Ravens which build upon them croaking over your head.* The green lawn, the fertile diſtant proſpect, the wood, water, and veſſels at anchor, which you look down upon below, contraſt the view, and add life to the ſcene.

You are then conducted to a delightful retired ſpot in the midſt of the Thick Wood, where you

* There is an high point on the Grotto rock, called the *Raven's Shelf*, becauſe time immemorial the Ravens have annually made a neſt there.

may

may repoſe yourſelf on a ruſtic ſopha, made of various ſorts of curious moſs. Then turning under the Grotto Hill, by a pleaſant walk, with ſomething new every ſtep, you encircle this immenſe maſs or iſland of freeſtone rock, and lifting your eyes upwards, you behold moſt enormous ſhelves of green copper hanging over you, particularly near a place cut through the rock, with two ſeats oppoſite each other, called the *Vis à Vis*.

This grand Hill then ſtretches itſelf out towards the South-Weſt; but before you advance, it will be proper to ſtand ſtill and view theſe ſtately rocks, which look more like

than the ruins of Palmyra or Perſepolis, than the lofty turrets of Nature, heaped one upon another like ſo many demoliſhed caſtles tumbled into ruin.

Some of the firſt Nobility, both of this and of other nations, have viſited theſe ſcenes; and that noble Corſican General, Paſchal Paoli, declared, that in all his travels, he had ſeen nothing which afforded him ſo much delight.*

Entirely taking leave of the

* What this diſtinguiſhed Foreigner appeared to be moſt ſtruck with, was a view under the Grotto Hill, where the Red Caſtle Rock breaks in upon you, which place is now diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Paoli's Point*.

Grotto

Grotto Hill, you proceed by the ſide of ſome fine ſtately Oaks, and ſome rugged cliffs (the moſt remarkable of which, called the *Ship's Beak*, ſeems as if it had once been ſeparated from the main rock by ſome violent convulſion of Nature) till you arrive at a natural Cave, called

THE RETREAT,

The top of which hangs in ſmall rocky clouds over your head, and has in it ſome veins reſembling mortar, of a brackiſh taſte.

In this cave are ſeen the following beautiful lines, penned by the preſent Owner of the place,

while he was contemplating these scenes:

Whilst all thy glories, O my God,
Through the creation shine,
Whilst rocks, and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the hand Divine,

Oh! may I view with humble heart,
The Wonders of thy power,
Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
As in each blade and flower.

But whilst I taste thy blessings, Lord,
And sip the streams below,
O may my soul be led to Thee,
From whom all blessings flow!

And if such footsteps of thy love,
Thro' this lost world we trace,
How far transcendent are thy works,
Throughout the world of grace.

Just as before yon' noontide sun
The brightest stars are small,
So earthly comforts are but snares,
'Till grace has crown'd them all."

Quitting

Quitting the Retreat, and paſſing by the *Canopy* and *Indian Rock*, which are both deeply tinged with variegated copper, your eyes are feaſted with freſh beauties of the ſolemn and romantic kind, till you come to a well-deſigned little Cottage, which is an Hermit's ſummer reſidence.—You pull a bell, and gain admittance.

The HERMIT

Is generally in a ſitting poſture, with a table before him, on which is a ſkull, the emblem of mortality, an hour-glaſs, a book, and a pair of ſpectacles. The venerable bare-footed Father, whoſe name is Francis, (if awake) always riſes up

up at the approach of ſtrangers. He ſeems about ninety years of age, yet has all his ſenſes to admiration. He is tolerably converſant, and far from being unpolite; and, if requeſted, will repeat the following lines, which are fixed up in the inſide of his habitation:

"Far from the buſy ſcenes of life,
Far from the world, its cares and ſtrife,
In ſolitude more pleas'd to dwell,
The Hermit bids you to his cell;
Warns you Sin's gilded baits to fly,
And calls you to prepare to die."

Leaving this ſolitary Sire, you paſs to

THE FOX'S KNOB,

So named, becauſe a Fox is ſaid to have jumped from the top of it to

to the deep valley beneath, when unkennelled there by a pack of fox-hounds. It is of a pyramidical form, finely mantled with trees and ivy. Whether it was at firſt raiſed by an earthquake, or whether the ground was ſwept away from it by the raging billows of the great deluge, and this rock left as a ſtanding monument of its devaſtations, may afford matter of ſpeculation to the curious; ſuffice it to ſay, that it now exhibits a moſt aſtoniſhing appearance.

Your guide will then conduct you to a ſubterraneous paſſage, called by ſome CALCUTTA, by others,

St. FRANCIS's CAVE,

Into which you enter under the curiouſly twiſted root of a moſt venerable Yew-tree. After having groped for ſome yards in total darkneſs, you are ſuddenly tranſported into the cheerful light of day; and which ever way you turn yourſelf, the moſt enchanting proſpect, intermixed with woods, hills, lawn, and water, and enlivened with the buſy ſcenes of Agriculture, meets your view.

From thence turning a little to the left, you gradually aſcend the ſummit of

The TERRACE,

Where you are invited by the pleaſantneſs of the walk, having a fine green turf under your feet, and on each ſide all ſorts of foreſt trees, the foliage of which reaches down to the ground, with openings at proper ſpaces, through which diſtant proſpects burſt in upon your view, whilſt hundreds of the little feathered tribe charm your ears with their wild melodious notes.

Along the top of this cultivated Alps, you continue riſing by a very eaſy aſcent, till you come to

The TOWER,

A large handſome building in the Gothic ſtyle, ſituate on the higheſt part of the Terrace, which forms a fine proſpect to all the country ſeveral miles round.

The Hill here turns round to the Eaſt, where

The VINEYARD,

Which is laid out in the manner of a fortification, with turrets, walls, and baſtions, and executed at a very great expence, attracts your attention. Though the ſituation of this place was peculiarly adapted to the uſe that was made of it, being well ſcreened

ſcreened by woods and rocks behind and on each ſide, and open only to the ſouth ſun, and though every method was tried to make the attempt ſucceed, yet the grapes never came to maturity. And as they would not ripen on this ſpot, and with every attention which the gardener's art could pay, there is reaſon to conclude, that no vineyard in this climate will ever be brought to any greater degree of perfection.

From the Tower juſt mentioned, your eye traverſes a vaſt ſpace of country. You ſee the town of Shrewſbury, and many of the Cambrian Hills, with their pointed peaks

peaks propping the clouds. You behold that celebrated Hill *Caer Caradoc*, or Caradoc's Caſtle, famous in Hiſtory for a bulwark of ſtone, where Caractacus the Briton bravely defended himſelf againſt the Roman General. You ſee that magnificent Salopian mountain the Wrekyn; alſo the Brythen, Moely-Golva, and Caverokeſken hills, on the former of which, the pillar lately erected in honour of Lord Rodney preſents itſelf to your view.

, About a mile from the Tower, you are ſtruck with a beautiful and romantic hanging wood, called

BURY

BURY WALLS,

Where are the remains of a grand Roman Camp, and perhaps the moſt perfect one in the kingdom. It encompaſſes about twenty acres of ground, ſecured by an inacceſſible rock on all ſides but one, which is ſtrongly defended by a triple intrenchment, and muſt have been a work of immenſe labour.*

You then leave theſe heights, and wind down a ſolemnly beautiful walk, cloſed up with trees and

* Upon the top of Hopley, a neighbouring hill belonging to Andrew Corbet, Eſq. and which preſents itſelf to your view from various parts of the Park, are ſome veſtiges of another encampment, ſuppoſed alſo to have been Roman.

rocks on each ſide, till you arrive at

The TOWER GLEN,

Which is a ſort of ſteep dingle, into which you deſcend by a narrow walk, and many rude ſteps; having under your feet a moſt beautiful turf, and on each ſide of you a range of the moſt groteſque rocks and caverns, interſperſed with underwood, and large venerable oaks, elms, &c.

Towards the bottom of this Glen or Dingle, you come to a ſeat juſt before you croſs the Grand Valley, from which ſeat you are ſuddenly and at once ſtruck with every charming

charming feature of lawn, hills, wood, and water, which Nature has it in her power to diſcloſe, particularly a long range of broken rocks richly mantled with trees, and here and there ſtanding out like caſtles, form a picture beyond the reach of all deſcription.

But before you quit the Tower Glen, it will be neceſſary to call back your attention to a very extraordinary cave in the rock, which is lately made acceſſible by means of ſome ſteps, through a narrow wild walk which leads to it, and which is remarkable for having been the hiding-place of an anceſtor of the

Hill family, who met with great hardſhips from the parliament forces in the reign of King Charles the Firſt. In memory of this gentleman, and of his ſufferings for the cauſe in which he engaged, Sir Richard Hill has lately cauſed an handſome Urn to be placed near the cave before-mentioned, with the following inſcription on the baſe of it:

Anno 1784,
This Urn
Was placed here by Sir Richard Hill, Bart.
(Eldeſt Son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart.)
One of the Knights of this Shire,
As a token of affection to the memory of his much-reſpected Anceſtor,
ROWLAND HILL, of HAWKSTONE, ESQUIRE;
A gentleman remarkable for his great wiſdom, piety, and charity, who being a zealous Royaliſt,

aliſt, hid himſelf in this glen in the civil wars, in the time of

KING CHARLES THE FIRST;

But being diſcovered, was impriſoned in the adjacent caſtle, commonly called Red Caſtle, whilſt his houſe was pillaged and ranſacked by the rebels. The caſtle itſelf was ſoon afterwards demoliſhed.

His ſon, Rowland Hill, Eſq. coming to his aſſiſtance, alſo ſuffered much in the ſame oyal cauſe.

The above account, taken from Kimber's Baronetage, as alſo from the traditions of the family, holds forth to poſterity the attachment of this ancient Houſe to an unfortunate and much-injured Sovereign.

Paſſing over the Top of the Valley, you arrive at

THE ELYSIAN HILL,

On the South ſide of which is the MENAGERIE, where Nature is aid-

ed by Art, without ſeeming to be her debtor.

Here are kept a choice collection of Beaſts and Birds, both foreign and domeſtic, among which is a remarkably large Eagle, alſo a Mackaw, and various ſorts of Parrots, with ſome different ſpecies of Monkeys, all of which will gladly ſearch your pockets for gingerbread, nuts, almonds, &c. and be as familiar with you as you pleaſe.*

At the upper end is a little characteriſtic dwelling, fitted up with ſtuffed Birds ſo nicely reſembling

* Since the publication of the firſt edition of this Deſcription, the Monkeys are either dead or removed.

Na-

Nature, that you can hardly diſtinguiſh them from living ones.

This rural habitation is occupied by a Man and his Wife, who may well be called the Adam and Eve of this delightful Eden. Adam is buſily employed in cleaning his ground, whilſt Eve beſtirs herſelf about her domeſtic affairs, and feeds her poultry, which flock round her in great numbers on the ringing of a bell.

Here Art and Nature are in Truth combin'd,
To pleaſe the Eye, and captivate the Mind.

You then reluctantly leave this moſt delightful ſpot, and turn to the right through a narrow ſhady

Path, where ſtately Larches, Beeches, &c. feather down to the ground with peculiar beauty.

You have ſcarce proceeded an hundred yards, before you are ſtruck with the appearance of

The GREEN-HOUSE,

Which is built in the Gothic Taſte, with rough unhewn ſtone, and is perfectly in uniſon with the majeſtic ſcenery all round it.

Here again Nature diſplays all her charms, and the ſublime and beautiful ardently vie with each other, which ſhall moſt attract the attention of the beholder.

The

The contraſt between the Green Lawn before you, beſpread with Orange Trees, Myrtles, and Geraniums, with a Flock of Sheep peaceably feeding in a verdant paſture, and the ſtupendous Rocks dignified with lofty Foreſt Trees behind and on each ſide of you, with a moſt delightful Piece of Water flowing at the foot of the Lawn in form of a River, and loſing both its ends in two different Woods, exhibits at one view a Landſcape at the ſame time ſo majeſtic, and yet ſo delicately ſoftened, that it would require the united efforts of Salvator Roſa, Claude, and Pouſin, to do it the ſmalleſt degree of juſtice.

Leav-

Leaving the Green-Houſe, you wind round the South-Eaſt End of the Elyſian Hill, and as you mount up, new beauties ſtill ſurprize you. In ſome places all is thick and ſolemn, and you find various rude and whimſical ſeats to reſt on, by the ſide of moſſy banks or rocky caverns. In other places, juſt as you emerge out of the wood, the near and diſtant proſpects both break in upon you at once, and the precipices you have lately trodden, put on new appearances as you face them, and according to the different directions you view them in.

After

After having repoſed yourſelf a ſufficient time on a large Alcove Seat made of knots of Oak, you will be prepared to finiſh your walk over the Elyſian Hill, eſpecially as you will be on the deſcent all the way.

You are now to croſs another part of the enchanting Valley beneath, till you arrive at

THE RED CASTLE HILL,

So called from the colour of the Rock, and of the Stone with which the Caſtle itſelf is built.

Having aſcended this lofty and delightfully romantic Hill, you enter the Edifice through a ſtrong

Door or Gate-way, which, in time of war, muſt have been very difficult of acceſs.

This venerable Fortreſs, long the ſeat of warriors, and remarkable for its ſtrength, and the prodigious thickneſs of its walls, is now an heap of ruins, and inhabited only by birds of prey; whilſt its martial ſons are all buried in one promiſcuous oblivion, and nothing left to perpetuate their memory but theſe broken fragments, as veſtiges to teach poſterity that the ravages of war, and the finiſhing hand of time, level the ſtrongeſt caſtles, and the moſt beautiful fabrics, with the ground.

There

There have been ſeveral accounts of this very extraordinary place: the generally received notion, prevalent among all the country people in that neighbourhood, that it was formerly the habitation of two huge Giants, named Tarquin and Tarquinus, however abſurd and ridiculous in itſelf, is as perfectly correſpondent with the ſtyle of the place, as the idea of fairies dancing on daiſy tops on the verdant plains.

DUGDALE tells us, that this Caſtle was erected in the Reign of Henry the Third; but there is an ancient manuſcript in the Audley family, which proves that its original exiſtence was of much earlier date.

date. It is there ſaid, that "Maud "or Matilda, Wife of William "the Conqueror, gave to John de "Audley, and to his Heirs, the "lands about Red Caſtle in the "county of Salop, for certain ſer-"vices done by him to the ſtate."

Juſt over the entrance, on the ſide of a decayed piece of wall of an aſtoniſhing thickneſs, the following lines meet your eye:

See this vaſt antique Pile, how reverend grey,
In hoary age its walls and mould'ring towers!
With tufted moſs and ivy rudely hung,
From whoſe high turrets, now by years decay'd,
We trace the dire remains of bloody war.
Theſe loneſome walks of thick uncouthest ſhade,
By length of centuries paſt, by turns have clos'd
A race of warriors here entomb'd.

All

All deſcription muſt fall infinitely ſhort of the works of Nature and of Antiquity, which preſent themſelves to view in circling this hill, which is covered on every ſide with large trees and thick wood, out of which pieces of broken walls and high turrets riſe in different places, and ſtrike the mind with a majeſtic ſolemnity, whilſt the diſtant view, wherever it breaks in upon you, is enlivened with every beauty which a fine fruitful country, bounded by variety of hills of different ſhapes and ſizes, can afford.

Among the ſolemn ſcenes exhibited on the Red Caſtle Hill, is that dread-

dreadful profound abyſs, commonly called

THE GIANT'S WELL,

The circular walls of which, above the rock which forms the lower part, are of an immenſe thickneſs, and are beſt ſeen by looking in at a door on the ſide; but whether it ever was a well at all, or whether upon failure of water it was made uſe of as a tower of defence, is not certain.

By the ſide of this well or tower a Coffin almoſt entire was found a few years ſince, which, on being expoſed to the air, mouldered into duſt, and diſcovered ſeveral human bones,

bones, with the iron beard of an arrow, by means of which it is ſuppoſed that the perſon buried there received his mortal wound.

Near this place is an immenſe cut through the ſolid rock, at the end of which you are ſurprized by

A STATELY LION,

Which being confined within his Den, you may approach with the greateſt ſafety. It is no leſs true than extraordinary, that tho' theſe beaſts are in general the production of Africa, yet the preſent one was actually brought forth among the mountains where he now dwells; and though his kingly looks ſtrike

terror into the beholder, yet he is ſo tame and docile, that the moſt timid may without danger take him by the tooth, and play with him as with a Spaniel.

Having traverſed the Red Caſtle Hill, you paſs by the Lodge to Weſton, a pretty little village, with a very good Inn (called Hawkſtone Inn) genteelly fitted up for the reception of company, who reſort thither to ſee the Park.—There you may refreſh yourſelf after your walk, and ruminate on the ſcenes you have with ſo much delight been viewing: and if you chooſe to reſt yourſelf all night, the next day you will have ample time to ſee the

the Roman Camp or Bury Walls, which place is not above a mile diſtant from the Inn.

O may the HILLS for ever live
Around this pleaſant Shore,
Till Rocks ſhall crumble into Duſt,
And Time ſhall be no more.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the Firſt Edition of this Deſcription was publiſhed, many very great improvements have been begun upon, and are already far advanced; particularly a moſt magnificent and beautiful Piece of Water in the form of a wide navi-

gable River, which is to be about two Miles in length, and near one hundred Yards in breadth, one end of which will loſe itſelf in a thick wood near the Lodge, on the road going to Prees and Whitchurch, and the other end will meet all the grand ſcenery in the Park, concealing its termination behind the Red Caſtle Hill, in the middle of a fine fertile valley. In ſailing along this water, which will be a boundary to the North and Weſt ſides of the Park (as the Menagerie Water is to the South-Eaſt) all the enchanting and romantic ſcenes before deſcribed will open upon you as you advance, putting on different appearances according

to the ſituation from which you view them.

Prodigious as this undertaking is, yet as Sir RICHARD HILL keeps a vaſt number of men conſtantly employed (by which means all the induſtrious poor in the neighbourhood are furniſhed with bread) there is great reaſon to believe that in the ſpace of about three years this immenſe piece of water will be entirely completed, one half of it being already finiſhed and filled.

N. B. Some late additions which have been made to the beauties of Hawkſtone are by no means among

the leaſt pleaſing. The firſt is called

NEPTUNE'S WHIM, or COTTAGE.

With this ſtrangers now begin their walk from the Inn, through a delightful plantation. The reaſon of its being ſo named, is from a fine Coloſſean ſtatue of that god in hewn ſtone, which is placed behind the building at the River Head. This figure has an urn under the arm, from which the water falls ſeveral feet over ſome broken pieces of rock into the River.

Among the new objects, what is called

THE CITADEL

Is the moſt conſpicuous, and which

is made an excellent dwelling houſe for Sir RICHARD's Steward. It has the exact appearance of an ancient caſtle, and the form of it was taken from the family coat of arms.

Among the new Walks, that under the Terrace, which goes from the Fox's Knob to the Tower Glen, for its wonderful variety of fine timber trees, lofty rocks, ſolemn dingles, natural caverns, and diverſified proſpects, perhaps exceeds all the reſt. In forming this very curious walk, there were found the remains of hares, rabbits, and all ſorts of poultry, without number, which the foxes had carried there to feaſt on in the ca-

verns, one of which being very spacious, and being covered with a natural canopy of rock, is called

REYNARD's BANQUETING-HOUSE,

in which you read the following lines;

Long wearied is he spent,
Here Reynard held his leisure court,
[illegible] Monkeys, pads, and chickens,
[illegible] told Reynard's dainty pittings:
[illegible]
[illegible]

FINIS.

BOOKS